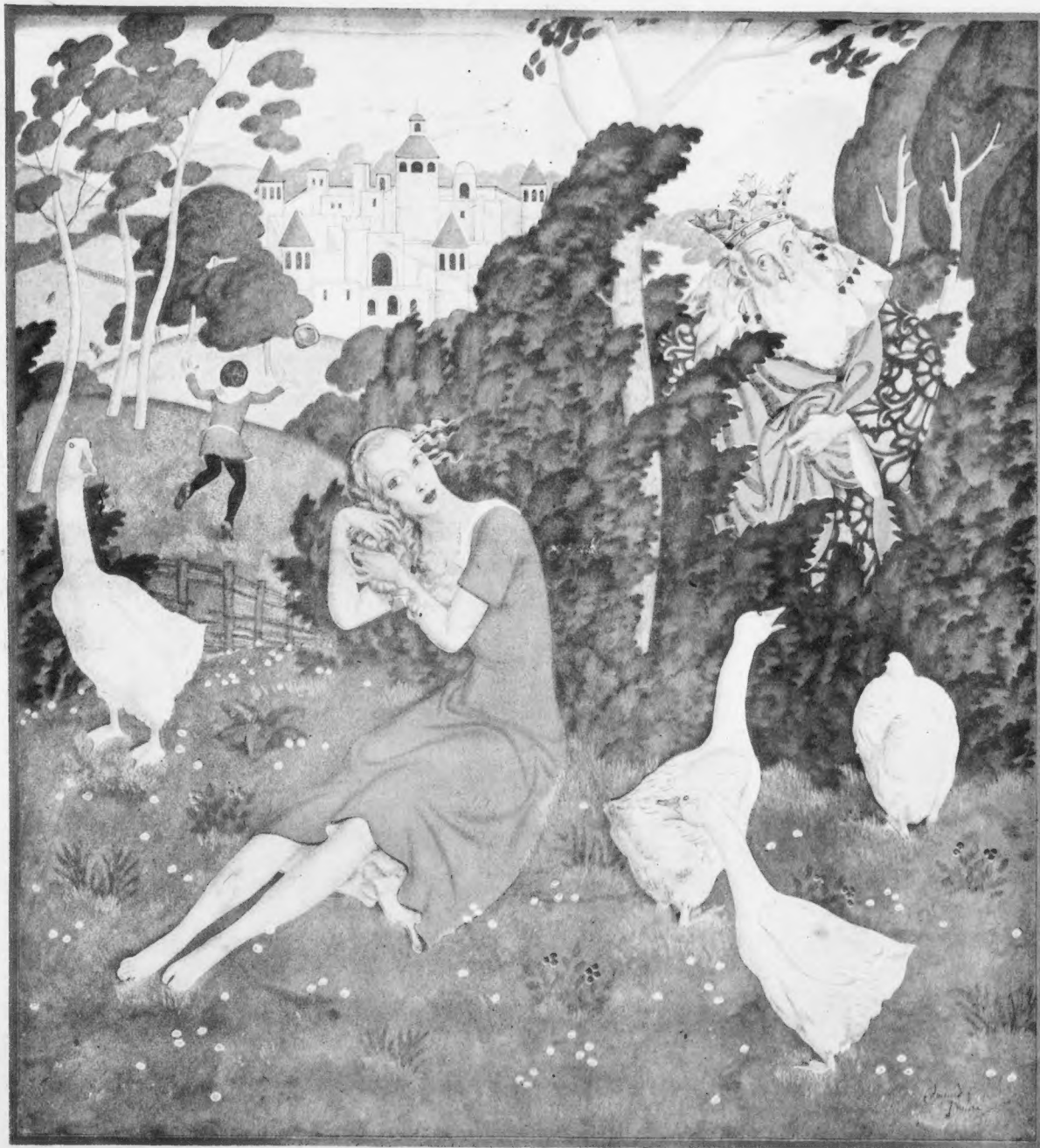


THE AMERICAN Greatest Circulation in the World **WEEKLY**

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Sunday, April 24, 1932

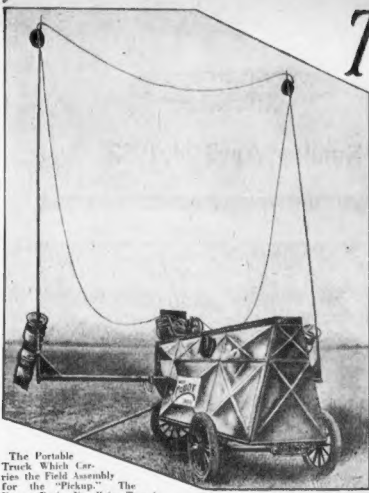


THE GOOSE-GIRL —

Enchanting Fairyland Lovers
By the Distinguished English Artist
Edmund Dulac

A PRINCESS was betrothed to a Prince who lived far away. Neither had ever seen the other. She set off to marry him, riding on a horse that could talk, and with a serving-maid. The serving-maid was wicked, the Princess meek. The maid bullied her into changing horses and clothes; the Prince thought the maid the Princess and wed her. She had the talking horse's head cut off, so it couldn't tell on her. The true Princess was put to work tending the royal geese. She had golden hair, which she liked to brush alone. The Prince's father heard she could raise a breeze to blow off the hats of those who watched her, and that she held conversations with the head of a dead horse. Quite naturally this aroused his curiosity. He spied on his goose-girl and found the story correct. He discovered the truth. So they took the wicked maid and put her in a barrel studded with sharp nails and rolled her around the streets. This soon made the Prince a widower and he married the Princess. The moral seems to be that no girl ought to become engaged to a perfect stranger.

The Newest Aerial "Pickup" to Speed Uncle Sam's Mail



The Portable Truck Which Carries the Field Assembly for the "Pickup." The Newest Device Now Being Tested by the Army Air Corps is Called the Cabot Catapult. The Shock Cord Can Be Seen Above the Vehicle.

YEARS before planes were used to carry mail, railroads had adopted devices by which bags of mail could be picked up "on the fly." Two of the photographs on this page show one way in which express trains gathered in sacks of letters while tearing over the rails at high speed.

With the introduction of the airplane in the mail-carrying service it soon became evident that similar devices would have to be invented and put to use in express planes which stop only at the larger air terminals were to cover their routes with maximum efficiency.

During the past few years, several successful ways for planes to pick up and deliver mail while in full flight have been worked out, but experi-

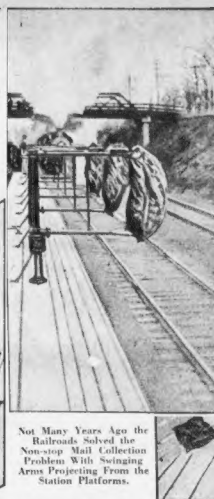


Photograph of a Plane Picking Up the Mail Bag While Speeding By at 75 Miles an Hour.

ments are constantly going on to improve on these devices and find better ways for aerial letter carriers to collect

and leave **time** important cargoes without landing and thus consuming valuable time. It is not difficult to understand that a plane traveling at a speed of 100 miles an hour, or better, would be in grave danger of being wrecked if something went wrong with the mechanism while it was snatching a sack of letters from the ground. Any strain on the cord, or hook, used to catch the sack would be likely to snap the plane into a dive and send it, to

the pilot and its valuable freight crashing to the ground. For many months now crack fliers of the Army Air Corps have been experimenting with a new aerial pickup. The mechanism consists of a small truck with a horizontal crossbar from each end of which a light 20-foot pole extends into the air. The mail sack is attached to a long cord which is looped over the tops of these poles. The cord runs back to the top of the truck on which the mail sack is laid. It is strung in such a way that the poles act as springs to cut down the "snap" which would be imparted to the bag and whole device if the load were directly picked up. The truck is rolled to the proper spot on the flying field and is made ready for the arrival of the mail plane, which has a 12-foot pickup pole attached to the underside of the fuselage.



How the Mail Car Apparatus Picks Up the Mail Bags Without the Necessity of Slowing Up the Train.

Not Many Years Ago the Railroad Solved the Non-stop Mail Collection Problem With Swinging Arms Projecting From the Station Platforms.

On the end of this pole, which is light and strong, is a hook which catches that part of the pickup cord strung between the pair of upright poles. The pole on the plane is an important part of the pickup device because it is designed to absorb much of the shock of grabbing an object off the ground while moving at high speed. The hook on the lower end of the pole is not fixed; it slides up and down the slender shaft in a narrow groove. The instant the mail bag is picked up, a small windmill in the plane, automatically put in operation by the weight of the bag, begins to draw in the cord and its burden. When the windmill has pulled the bag all the way to the plane, a man in the plane opens a trap door in the bottom of the fuselage and takes the sack into the machine. The pickup pole is kept

folded against the bottom of the plane when it is not in use. After a long series of tests with the new machine to speed up the air mail service, the army fliers are convinced that it is practical. One great virtue of the device is its simplicity. It is inexpensive to build, easy to handle and has little about it to get out of adjustment. A pickup mechanism that has been in use for several years and which has played its part in the increasing speed and efficiency of the air mail service is built in the form of a V. The mail bag was placed at the small end of the V, where it was picked up by a light steel wire dangling from the plane. In this device the shock is reduced by a catapult that tosses the picked-up sack in the direction the plane is flying.

All Tangled Up

VIENNA. FRAU Professor Bodenwieser is the founder of a new school of the dances which already has spread northward into Germany and France. She calls her radical theory of dancing, the Rhythmic School. Those who are unable to use any virtue in her theories of building bodily symmetry, vibrant health and physical grace have labeled it the "land-foot follies."



Pupils of Frau Professor Bodenwieser's School of Rhythm, in Vienna, in Two Phases of the Dance Exercises by Which They Manage Extraordinary Contortions.

graceful, if a bit unusual. It is quite as easy to see why the adverse critics of this ultra-modern style of dancing have given it the rather comic name that sticks to it despite all the efforts of the school's founder and its enthusiastic pupils to have the work of the institution taken seriously.

"This type of dancing," explains the well-known head of the school, "is not dancing in the ordinary sense. To the average person it seems more like posing. In a way, it is posing—the placing of two, or three, or more human bodies in graceful and rhythmic relation to each other." The disciples of the school shift from poise to pose, sometimes slowly, sometimes rapidly. And in the shifting, as well as in the postures themselves, they are taught to make every movement a graceful gesture. Arms, hands, legs, feet and torso are never allowed to fall in an awkward line, once the dancers have become proficient in their interesting entanglements.



Sandals and Varnished Toenails in Delicate Pinks and Creams are in Evidence in Most of the Smart Hotels and Clubs in London. The Photograph Shows the Dancing Feet of a Member of the Fashionable Set.

Varnished Toe-Nails, London Fad

BRITAIN'S fashionable set has adopted a fad of dress that would have been unthinkable in conservative England a few years ago. Gay Paris might have embraced such an idea, but the tradition-bound hostesses of Mayfair would have turned thumbs down on the vague—bare feet and varnished and tinted toenails, not in the privacy of the boudoir but at dinners and dances.

It should be explained that the present and popular fad of varnished toenails did not begin with a desire to publicly exhibit the feet, or as a means of warm-weather comfort. It came about with the adoption of a modern version of the Greek sandal.

In the old days the sandal was seldom worn with stockings and the fashion dictators who decreed the sandal for the women of twentieth century England took their courage in their hands and suggested that the light, graceful shoe be worn in the same manner that made them standard equipment for the maids and matrons of classic Greece. They hardly expected the suggestion to take root. But it did, and with the

Masks Insure "Poker Faces"

AMONG the well-to-do residents of Warsaw, Poland, the good old American game of poker is as popular as bridge is in this country. One wealthy woman, who was introduced to the card game during a visit to friends in America, plays hostess to selected groups of her friends twice a month and, after dinner, they spend the entire evening with the "pasteboards," gambling for high stakes.

Not all of her friends, she discovered, are able to conceal their elation at drawing good hands and their chagrin when they fail to improve a high pair or fill a flush. So she devised a plan whereby all those who sit at her tables may have "poker faces." At each place she put a linen mask like that shown in the photograph at the right.

The masks have holes cut for the eyes and the nose and a narrow slit over the mouth, so that the wearer can smoke with-

out having to remove the face covering. They are light in weight and not uncomfortable to wear.

The Warsaw woman supplied her guests with artificial poker faces more or less as a joke, but found that the things were a great help to her more emotional friends and, conversely, a handicap to those who are blessed with natural poker faces. The betting changed considerably after the introduction of the masks and certain open-faced players were much more successful than when their features were exposed to alert and observant disciples of the game.



This Costume Should Have Started in America, but It Remained for a Hostess in Poland to Invent the Poker Mask. It Hides the Emotions of Players Which Might Be Read From Facial Expressions. With Such a Mask Anybody Can Have a Poker Face.

**The Profligate Young Baron Von Sydow,
Pressed for Debts, Rapidly Kills Six
Including His Wealthy
Father, Puts on
Evening Clothes,
Invites His Friends to
Dinner and Shoots
Himself and His Wife**

Path of Death

on Von Sydow,
apidly Kills Six

A black and white illustration depicting a murder scene in a restaurant. In the center, a man in a tuxedo is being strangled by a woman in a long, light-colored dress. They are seated at a round table with various bottles and glasses. Other patrons are seated at nearby tables, some looking on with interest. A waiter in a tuxedo is standing nearby, holding a glass. The scene is set in a dimly lit room with a chandelier and a large plant. The illustration is signed 'L. M. C. 1935' in the bottom right corner.

The Baron von Sydow, Father of the

the forged checks, but he seems to have realized that as his father knew, it would be necessary to confide in him. Surely he would not let his son be convicted of

Therefore, he was seen, later that afternoon, with his wife, calling upon his

apartments in Norr
Stockholm, a few miles
There can be no doubt
ing Baroneas had no
her husband's murders.
was planning for her
partment is a very large
rick left his wife in the
entrance, while he visited
room at the other end.
between the two men
known but, in all proba-
found it necessary to
father about the three
ask for his help. The
cleman in fury at the
and caused to be born,
not give his son the
sted. It caused Freder-
hammer from his pocket
father on the head, just
three previous victims.

He thought, everyone forged checks. In a bustling father into before there was time. But what about wild exterminated every lender's house and another good job of. We not certain just how servants in that apartink that the two men thing closed doors and nobody saw or heard order. But having killed more would not add if caught, and they all the police of his visit. mind, Frederick slipped her's room and, hammer

to a small bedroom near
peeped, and saw Caro-
father's housekeeper, a
s old, who had been his
ays interceded for him
after his mother died.
s did her no good now.
g in a chair facing the
hearing nor seeing the
ch of the boy she had

mothered, as he sneaked up behind and crushed in the back of her skull.

There remained the 25-year-old maid servant, Eppa Hann. In some way Eppa sensed that something was wrong because she had locked herself in her own bedroom. The lock was rather weak and Frederick had forced it, probably without much trouble. Both of Eppa's wrists were broken where she had stopped the first two blows at her head, but the third crushed in her forehead.

cleaned the head of his hammer on the skirt of his sixth victim and then replacing it in his pocket rejoined his wife, still waiting patiently and unsuspectingly near the door. Heaven only knows what this murderer of six persons, including his own father and his nurse, told his young wife, but when he took her home, she was evidently ignorant that anything particular had happened.

Perhaps as he left the apartment house he realized that the elevator and doorman would report his visit, which would be just as bad and, therefore, that discovery was coming for him. Very well, if his time had come, he would spend his last hours in his favorite way: wasting other people's money and he would go out with a bang. He drove out to the old university town, borrowed a revolver from a friend, bought cartridges at a sporting goods store, engaged a dining room at the hotel, ordered the most expensive foods and wines to be had, a profusion of roses and a special orchestra with orders to play loud and without

Then he telephoned to various of his gay friends until he had rounded up a party of 12, which with himself and the Baroness made 14. Wild young Frederick needed no special occasion to justify "throwing a wild party," but he was in such a hurry about this one that his guests asked and he gave the mysterious answer that it was in honor of a "joyful event and a long journey." No doubt he planned as the final glass of wine was drunk and the party was about to break up, to announce the secret of the "joyful event" and rise from the table, putting a bullet first into his wife's heart and then one into

But the police had moved just a trifle faster than he had calculated. The banquet was not quite finished and the spectacular climax he had planned was hurried a little by the arrival of the detectives. He loved his wife in the selfish way one would expect of a spoiled child and so he took her with him in the belief that there is another world where he might want her.

STOCKHOLM, Sweden, April 12.
THE host, the tall young Baron Fred-
 erick von Sydow, arose with a peculiar
 smile.

The dozen guests, merry with the best of champagne, who had come to celebrate a mysterious "long journey and joyful event," had seen the waiter advance into the large private banquet room of the fashionable Hotel Gillet at Upsala, Sweden, and whisper something to Baron Frederick. The Baron had twisted in his chair and, looking out of the door, glimpsed two strange, heavily-built men. Dismissing the waiter with a message that he would be out in a moment, the Baron arose and, raising his voice to top the music of the orchestra, said with that queer smile:

"My dear friends, I have told you that my beloved wife does not know the destination of our long journey and the truth is, neither do I. But we are both outward bound and we are starting right now."

So saying the Baron bent over and kissed his pretty young wife, who blushed becomingly, causing the guests, easily pleased on account of so much champagne, to applaud vigorously.

Slowly their hands ceased eating together and a foolish expression of incredulity spread over the faces of the guests. They saw their host pull a revolver from his pocket and place its muzzle on the white skin over his wife's heart. They saw her look stricken and then the Baroness on the table.

In stunned amazement, while the orchestra played merrily on, they stared. It looked like murder but it must be a trick. The Baron's hand raised the weapon to his own temple. There was a second explosion and he fell to the floor. The orchestra came to a ragged stop, like a cracked phonograph record and the silence was broken by the sudden drumming of two pairs of feet on the shiny floor, as the two sticky strangers ran to the banquet table and picked up the Baron and Baroness.

The women screamed and fainted. The men turned sick at what they saw.

The thing was no practical joke or piece of acting, but just what it had seemed to be, a double tragedy, murder and suicide—two souls "outward bound," the "joyful event" they had come to celebrate. The two men whose arrival had precipitated things were detectives on the young Baron's trail, because that day he had already committed six previous murders, including that of his father, a man of such prominence that next day the flags of Stockholm and many other cities of

The young Baron was only 23 years old, son of the very wealthy Baron

**The Young Baron Frederick von Sydow,
Who Swiftly Ended the Lives of Seven
People and Then Snuffed Out His Own.**

72 years old and one of Sweden's most respected men. His only son, a tall, good looking youth, who would soon inherit the Sydow fortune, naturally enjoyed plenty of credit and, besides spending his father's liberal allowance, ran up bills everywhere. His mother was dead but had lived long enough to make a thorough job of spoiling the

He was one of the wildest spend-thrifts to graduate from Upsala, the famous Sweden university, which had been a great seat of learning even in pagan times before it was conquered by Christianity. The old Baron, learning of his son's behavior, was about to cut the boy's allowance down to the bare necessities, when the scapegrace eloped with Miss Ingun Sunden-Cull-

The old gentleman hoped that marriage would steady his son, and besides he hadn't the heart to make the charming young bride suffer for her scamp husband. So he continued and even increased the allowance and, as a spoiled child always does, Frederick continued and increased his self-indulgence. Just as the disgusted father was about to pull in the purse strings, his spendthrift son protested that he couldn't possibly do anything so cruel because the Baroness was about to have a child, a grandchild for Grandpa Hjalmar.

On one pretext after another the wastrel managed to keep on burning other people's money, but the process grew steadily harder. Tradesmen will give credit to the son and heir of a rich man and wait a long time for their money, but not forever. When finally they threatened to take him to court, Frederick had to resort to the spendthrift's friend and enemy, the money-lender, a man named Zettlerberg.

Both Frederick and the lender had figured that the old nobleman would not last through more than about one more Swedish Winter, but when the young man's notes began to fall due Baron Hjalmar was heartier than ever and looked capable of cheating the underlaker for another ten, years or more. Times were hard, Zetterberg needed the money and said the notes would have to be paid or he would take legal action. This would mean bankruptcy and no more credit till his

With the willfulness of a spoiled child the young Baron simply shut his eyes to the inevitable and agreed to let it happen. He forged his father's name to checks clearing up that indebtedness and heaved a sigh of relief. He was free from financial bother over the week-end, after which he knew the forgery would be discovered.

One Sunday morning, the first of last month the money lender telephoned to Baron Frederick at his house in Upsala that he had better come over and see him about these checks. The young man carelessly murmured that he would be there the next morning, but he smiled when he never believes that he will ever be punished for anything, and he had a plan

When Frederick outlined his hopeful scheme to Zetterberg, the money lender informed him that he feared it would not work because he had already revealed the situation to the old Baron, and been told on the telephone that very morning that this was the last straw. If his son was a forger, a criminal, he washed his hands of him.

Enraged at this news and blaming it on Zetterberg for speaking to his father first, Frederick seized a hammer that happened to be in the room and brained the loan shark. That silenced his chief creditor forever, but a shriek from behind told the young murderer that there was a witness. It was Mrs. Zetterberg, whom Frederick had just made a widow. But before she had time to mourn her loss much he pushed her out of her suffering by sinking the hammer into her skull.

But she had screamed. Would that bring anyone? It did. Hurrying footsteps announced someone coming from the kitchen and the wondering face of the maid servant appeared in the doorway. Another blow of the hammer and she was beyond telling anything to the police. Having made sure that there were no other witnesses in the house Frederick took away and destroyed the forged checks, placed the hammer in his pocket and went home to think things over.

This much is theory pieced together by the police from evidence on the scenes of the crimes and what they learned from officers of Zetterberg's bank. Apparently Frederick had no thought of the bank's knowing about

European Swallows in Trouble Again



When the Swallows Were Stranded Last Season, on Their Trip South, Several Planes Like That in the Photograph Were Commandeered to Carry the Birds to Venice. The Picture Shows the Landing in the Italian City.

Below—Storm-bound Swallows Given a Temporary Refuge in Rooms Like This, Provided by the Benevolent Viennese. Were Crated and Shipped, but Were Landed Short of Their Original Destination.



A Close-up of a Stranded and Half-frozen Swallow. One of More Than a Hundred Thousand Rescued by Man's Kindness.



In Venice, Where the Birds Were Released, They Lined the Telegraph Wires, and Days Were Required for Them to Get Their Bearings Before Proceeding Across the Adriatic.

VIENNA.
READERS of the American Weekly will recall the publication in this magazine, several weeks ago, of a report of the thousands of swallows that became storm-bound in this city on their migration to the warmer climate of the Balkans and how these unfortunate birds were carried over the snow-covered Alps by airplane and train to Venice and Constantinople.

Many thousands of the swallows perished from cold and hunger and those that were saved were picked up by the citizens of Vienna and placed in the care of the Austrian Society for the Protection of Animals. This organization, knowing that the birds never could make the trip over the mountains in their weakened condition, spent all its funds caring for and feeding the bewildered migrants and arranging passage south for them in planes and steam-heated railway cars.

And now, because of another freak of weather, the swal-

lows are in serious trouble again and the good people of Vienna have been faced with the trouble-ome and costly, if humanitarian job, of housing and feeding the creatures

until they can safely take care of themselves.

The trouble this time is what might be called a false spring. The weather, not only south of the Alps, but north of them, too, indicated a comparatively short winter and an uncommonly early spring. The birds, sensing that it was time for them to be getting back to their spring and summer home in Central and Northern Europe, set out on their migration north. When they got over the Alps into Austria they found that the season hardly had begun there and that the vegetation was not advanced enough to provide them with food and shelter. Lacking the

sense to turn about and head south again, they gathered in Vienna and in the vicinity again, in a weakened condition from their long flight over the mountains and because there was not enough for them to eat.

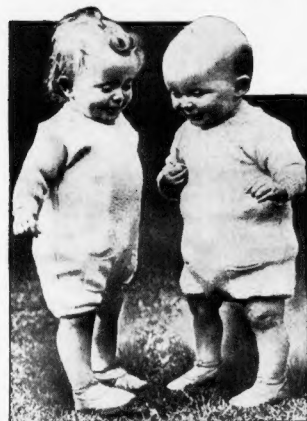
The Austrian Society for the Protection of Animals doesn't know quite what to do, with its coffers empty, but it has sent out an appeal for funds and for the cooperation of the public in saving the winged visitors to the city for a second time within five months.

The rooms of the society's headquarters again will be strung with wires and equipped with perches for thousands of stranded swallows. The vacant offices of the Anglo-Austrian Bank again will be made into a temporary hotel for other thousands of the luckless birds.

This time transportation will not have to be furnished to the swallows. Their problem is not the crossing of high mountains swept by unseasonably early storms; it is to find a haven and enough to eat until the spring is far enough advanced in northern and central Europe to provide them with the sort of climate in which they can live, with vegetation—and the worms and insects that appear with the vegetation—far enough to satisfy their appetites.

It is not expected that Vienna will have to play host to its feathered visitors for more than two or three weeks. The officials of the Austrian Weather Bureau are keeping careful tabs on the daily weather reports from the countries to the north. This information is being passed on to the kind-hearted souls who have the swallows in their charge.

As soon as weather conditions in Germany, England and other countries in northern Europe become sufficiently springlike, the birds will be released to finish their ill-timed migration.



This Remarkable Human Interest Photograph, Snapped by Ford English Parents, When Published Won Fame and a Place in an English Photographic Exhibit. The Youngsters Seem to Know Exactly What They Are Talking About.

Making the Beauty Judges' Task Difficult

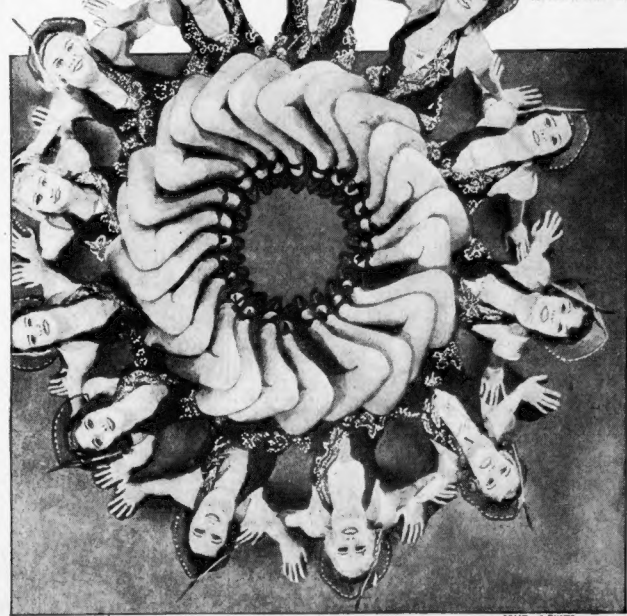
PROBABLY there are thousands of men who cannot imagine a more pleasant profession than that of analyzing and acclaiming the pretty and shapely entrants in beauty contests. The work undoubtedly has much to recommend it, but it is not all fun. Now and again the appraising eyes of judges of pulchritude get a little tired of focusing on graceful forms, flashing smiles and locks, blonde, brunette and auburn. And sometimes the job itself presents difficulties that make for boredom and monotony.

Look at the picture— if you haven't already done so—and it will be apparent that a committee of judges, passing on the individual charms of this boy of California beauties, would

have quite a time of it deciding which of the young women have the most pleasingly molded legs.

Of course, if the judges had only to pass upon the faces of the charming circle, they could— from this bird's-eye view of the situation—make a proper comparative study and arrive at some decision. They might even venture a guess as to which young woman is endowed with the nicest pair of shoulders, the most alluring eyes or the prettiest smile. But to appraise any of the girls in her entirety would be practically impossible.

Still, there probably are plenty of males who would be willing to undertake the task of picking the winner, despite the "scrambled" aspect of certain of their charms.



Chorus Girls, Posed in California, Presenting a Problem for Beauty Contest Judges. Who, If Asked to Pick Out the Most Nearly Perfect Legs, Would Have Quite a Time Deciding Which— Legs Belong to Which.

Talking t Over

INNUMERABLE photographs of youngsters are taken every year, but only a few of these pictures are what might be called remarkably appealing camera studies. Even professional photographers who specialize on pictures of the very young admit that they seldom get the effects that they want and that such pictures worthy to be shown in exhibitions are few and far between.

The photograph reproduced above, in the opinion of London's leading cameramen, is one of the most amusing and human "shots" of kiddies taken in recent years. It was entered in an international exhibition of camera pictures held in the British capital and won first prize in its class. The picture was titled "Talking t Over."

Strangely enough, this splendid study of a couple of rising young Englishmen was not taken by a professional photographer. It wasn't even taken by a big camera. It's a snapshot made by the father of one of the subjects while he and his family were calling on friends in a suburb of London. The camera with which it was made is a so-called "vest pocket" model and cost less than five dollars.

The babies each about two years old, never had seen each other before. They played together so amiably that their parents thought it would be nice to make a pictorial record of their first meeting, a picture that could be saved and shown to the boys when they grow up.

The man who snapped the camera when the youngsters came within range of the lens did not know that he was getting a masterpiece. He did not even know whether the subjects had moved and spoiled the picture or whether he had caught them when their active little bodies were temporarily at rest. But when the film was developed he knew that he had captured the little fellows in an unusually human and cunning tableau.

A professional photographer happened to see a print of the picture and he urged the amateur who had taken it to enter it in the exhibition of camera work done by the old camera artists in England and on the continent. He said, in all his years as a maker of portrait studies, he never had seen a photograph that so suggested amiability and intelligence on the part of young children.

Two Young Women of Lancaster, Pennsylvania, Wearing a New Suit Made by a Local Tailor for a Farmer—Probably the Largest Suit of Clothes Ever Made in the East.

The Tailor's Masterpiece

ABOUT once a year, a tailor in the city of Lancaster, Pennsylvania, gets an order for a suit of clothes which is no ordinary order. In fact he always refers to the job as a contract.

The annual suit is made for a farmer of the neighborhood who tips the scales at about 400 pounds and who, since he was a young man, has been so fat that all his clothes have to be made to the measure of his enormous bulk.

When the Lancaster tailor finished his current contract for his ponderous patron he thought that a photograph record of the big job might be worth keeping. He tried to get the farmer to pose in his new togs, but the fellow, a bit sensitive about his obesity so the tailor induced the young women to have their pictures taken dressed in extraordinary suits.

In the picture, shown above, one young woman is sitting in one of the legs of the huge trousers and the other is not quite filling the other leg. The coat is spacious enough to button about the form of both girls.

Such a suit requires more than three times as much cloth as is needed to make a suit for an average man weighing from 140 to 160 pounds, and the labor on such an outfit is correspondingly great. It takes the tailor about a week of steady work to cut and make one of these gigantic get-ups. And, of course, the cost of such a suit is in keeping with the amount of cloth and labor involved.

Other tailors in other cities have even bigger contracts, however, for the Pennsylvania farmer, big as he is, ranks as a mere strapping with some of America's fat men. Not long ago a fellow named Harry Sawyer was married in Los Angeles. His bride weighed 110 pounds. He, probably the heaviest human being in the country, tipped the scales at 787 pounds. The groom had a brand new suit made for his wedding. That outfit would have accommodated at least four young women of the size of those posed in the Lancaster tailor's biggest job. The trousers of the groom's raiment contained almost half again as much cloth as the trousers of the Pennsylvania farmer and the waist measured a foot and half more in diameter.

Almost every big city in the country has several tailors who specialize on "outsize" made-to-measure clothes. Most of these men keep the measurements of their big patrons in stock so that they can cut and make one of the huge suits without applying the tape for each fitting.

The Recently Divorced Wife of Theodore Pratt, Standard Oil Multi-Millionaire Marries Her Young Secretary She Met In the Arizona Desert

SCARCELY has society recovered from gasping at the marriage of the rich and fashionable Louisa Turnure, who married her farm-hand bootlegger, than it is astonished at another curious romance—this time it is the marriage of the wealthy former wife of an immensely rich Standard Oil magnate to her chauffeur and secretary.

Now this youth, 23 years old, after journeying from New England to the West to seek his fortune found it in the charming form of the 35-year-old Standard Oil divorcee is explained in her reported words to a friend:

"I can hardly wait to get back East to show them the pretty thing I found in the desert."

Mrs. Theodore Pratt found Alfred in the Arizona desert, but Alfred did not grow there. Like herself he came from the East. Before he came of age he went West to attend a ranch school in the desert country of Arizona. Whatever he may have dreamed of wealth and progress could hardly have been more surprising than what was really to happen.

When school was finished Alfred began to look for a job. There is not much money in being a cowboy, and the young man had the good luck to find himself in the neighborhood of the picturesque Jokke Inn, a charming resort of wealth and fashion at the back of picturesque Camelback Mountain, which looks like a huge camel squatting in the desert.

Mr. Loveland did not plan to join the guests at the Inn, but fate established him there just the same. It happened that Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Pratt, of the very wealthy Standard Oil coterie, were spending the winter at the Inn, and, looking about for a secretary, discovered young Loveland. The boy not only knew the desert country thoroughly, but was as expert as most cowboys are with a horse, and he could drive an automobile.

Thus fate began to smile on the young man that day when Mr. Pratt found a job for him in his party. And fate smiled still more broadly when Mrs. Pratt, a title later on, took up her residence in Reno. A friendly divorce was soon accomplished and Mr. Pratt was free to marry his next wife.

Also Mrs. Pratt number one was free to try another matrimonial partner. Back to the lovely desert country of Arizona went the divorced wife with a handsome settlement from her former husband. And fate had smiled on the earlier good luck of young Loveland, it fairly beamed on him now. The former wife of the Standard Oil millionaire as lovelorn and heart

broken as she was, she was not without her charms. Her young secretary, companion and guide filled a tender spot that she still retained in her heart for the youth her former husband had hired. On the horseback rides in the desert he was her companion, and she drove her car when the journey was longer than when the journey was shorter. Constantly they were together on their little outings and

it was some eighteen months ago that she was attracted to him by the attractive New Orleans brunette who had been her former husband's secretary. With the divorce went the custody of the two children, Theodore, Jr., and Merick, and how millions in cash were not reported.

The cash had been invested in glittering depression-proof securities and the children were parked away in school, making the mother footloose and fairly free when she returned to Arcadia in the desert.

After three months of riding the desert with the rich woman, of catching horned toads for her, building punting-smelling fires of mesquite wood, protecting her from rattlesnakes, gila monsters, mountain lions, to say nothing of "hydrophobic skunks" and other more or less imaginary menaces, young Loveland knew that he was not likely to lose his job.

The engagement was shortly announced and Alfred found himself on his way to California, not as a hired secretary, but as a bridegroom. He

travelled not in an upper berth as a servant, but shared the finest compartment on the train as master.

After the Summer honeymoon in California the happy pair returned to the desert where the bride, unable to buy or rent anything to quite suit them, built a house so they might have a true Loveland all to themselves.

Why Alfred fell in love with Mrs. Pratt calls for no explanation. Except that she is older than he is, this golden woman coming into the youth's life and taking him to her heart is one of those miraculous dreams that come true just often enough to make them seem reasonable in moving pictures.

If the divorced wife of Mr. Pratt had gone East from Reno instead of returning to the desert, fate would probably have had to deal with some well-groomed society man of New York or perhaps Europe. With her money and other attractions she might have had a choice of the best of them. Easily she might have afforded to buy a title, for titles are being offered today at great bargains. Besides all this, Mrs. Pratt had been married to a man who, in wealth, social standing and most everything else that makes a man valuable to a woman, seemed to most people as good as husbands ever come.

Someone in this class the lonely woman might have chosen had she not gone back to the desert.

Her romance might not have been possible anywhere else in the world. The same people who visit the Riviera and Palm Beach make the three-month winter season of Arizona fashionable

and profitable. But though they are the same people, the atmosphere is quite different. In this desert air is different from the soft, moist breezes from the Gulf Stream and the Mediterranean. The fashionable Arizona crowd are mostly married and average a little older than there are fewer "bright young things" and the main difference is their purpose and frame of mind.

For the most part the wealthy Arizona pilgrims are sick and tired of the social whirl, the dancing, drinking, gambling at the Casino, the silly pajama parties, the exhibition on the beach and all that goes with it and have come to Arizona for escape and recuperation.

They rise early in the morning, go for long horseback rides in the desert and the mountains, where the guides prepare "desert lunches" and even "desert breakfasts." They return to the Inn or their private bungalows depressed, eat a hearty evening meal without bothering about evening dress, and the last of them is in bed by ten o'clock.

It is a healthy, natural life, with very little display of jewelry or other ostentation, as different as could be imagined from most other haunts of the rich. In this background a handsome, graceful, competent he-man is a part of the picture, a good "something pretty" that a lady might find in desert and want. He might even look

around that he was not only the richest but happiest of men, a grouch of a philosopher said to him that you could not tell that of any man until he was dead. In the same way no marriage can be properly appraised until it is finished. Croesus' career had an unhappy ending but Mrs. Pratt's first marriage had a happy one. Her Reno divorce papers charged Mr. Pratt with mental cruelty, but she had to charge something and right after the divorce they were seen together laughing and chatting, the best of friends. Also, a man who hands over several millions, without waiting for the courts to order it, seems about as cruel as Santa Claus.

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One reason for this generosity, so important in a husband, may possibly be seen in the fact that two weeks after the divorce he married Mrs. Pauline Maynard Taylor, Jr., of Philadelphia.

There seems to be something of romantic appeal to many women about the desert, and something heroic about the youth in cowboy tows who gallops over the landscape and lifts his sombrero with a sweep of exaggerated courtesies. Near the same place where Mrs. Pratt found her young secretary, another woman of wealth and social position selected a husband about whose ample figure she sang the atmosphere of the Wild West.

Katherine Thorne, Chicago mail-order house heiress, went to Arizona a few years ago to enjoy the thrills of life on a dude ranch for a dude ranch. And who knows? She may have found a prize—a perfect lover. Sheila of the Arabian desert have somehow built up a reputation for high-voltage love-making that, whether justified or not, has brought a lot of tourist business. Maybe there is something ardent about the sands of the desert, and this desert here, not of Arab but of Arizona, may be the greatest thing of the kind since Rudolf Valentino.

Some experts who claim to understand women say that they tend to banker after the ardent sheik type as they approach the age of forty. But other hold that this is only so if they have known no sheiks before—that what they really want is something new and different, in other words, that what is most desirable to women is whatever she hasn't had.

When old Croesus was boasting

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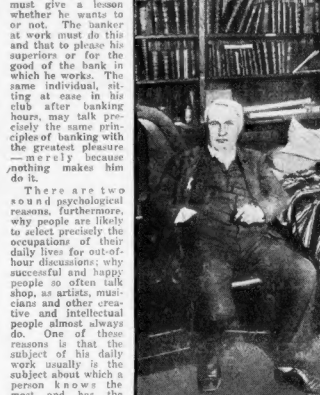
Although Cooped Up in His Studio a Large Part of the Year Painting, the Artist Usually Spends His Vacation in the Open Air Doing the Same Thing.

Napoleon, as a young boy in military school, is reported to have spent all his spare time studying military text

Real fatigue caused by uncomfortable or badly adjusted seats or faulty tools, and the fatigue caused by some other fault of the surroundings, it is the duty of a capable factory manager to correct. What Dr. Laird calls the "mental fatigue" of many other workers it is the duty of the worker himself to correct. The worker must make the factory call fatigue by trying to make the work as interesting as possible—in short, by reducing the monotony.

The effect of highly monotonous work upon men was found to be very serious not long ago in England. The men found that when they suffered from this kind of fatigue they were more likely to suffer from nervous breakdown than from those who were not so affected. The men were often driven into rebellion, and

So, far from being something to be laughed at and reproved, the habit of the Chicago street car conductor to ride in other conductors' cars for recreation, or that of the sailors who row boats in their few hours of shore-leave, may be recommended to everyone who loves his work.



The Late Thomas A. Edison in His Office Beside the Cot on Which He Slept When He Had Worked Too Late Upon His Experiments to Go Home. Edison Spent His Vacations Doing His Accustomed Work and Retained His Vigorous Health Until Shortly Before His Death at the Age of Eighty-five.

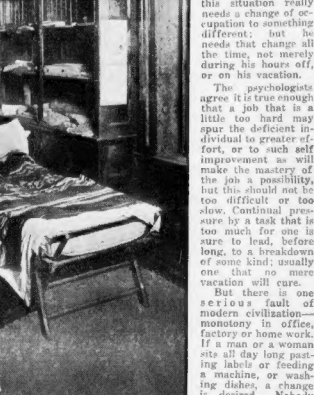
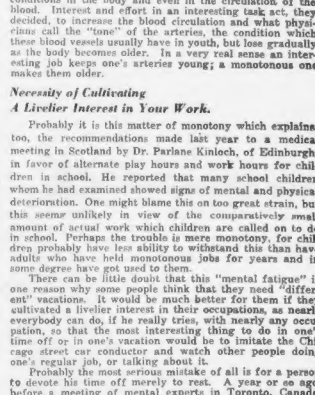
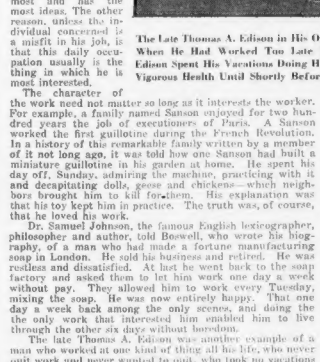


Photo Brown Bros.

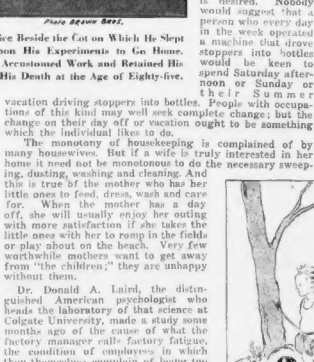


Dr. R. G. Armour recorded his conviction that the "timidity" which brings most of the patients to specialists for treatment of a nervous breakdown is not overwork or even too much worry, but mere monotony and lack of interest.

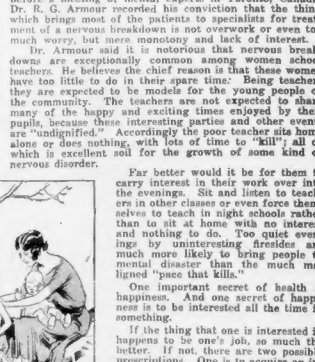
Dr. Armour said it is notorious that nervous breakdowns are exceptionally common among women school teachers. He believes the chief reason is that these women have too little to do in their spare time. Being teachers



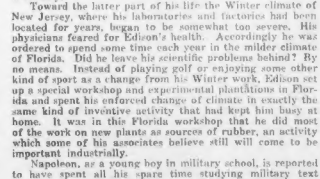
that he could help and who even begrudged the few hours that he had to take from his laboratory work in order to sleep. Indeed, he kept in his office for years a cot on which he would take a few hours' sleep when too busy to go home. Yet Edison lived to be much older than the average, and enjoyed unusually good health during his whole life. No change of occupation ever would have been asked or tolerated by him, and none seemed to be necessary.



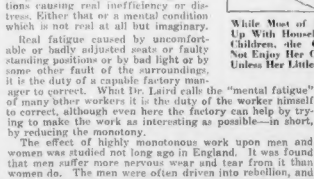
they meditate, talkback or being job tired and in which they do poorer work and less of it. By no means every case of such factory fatigue could be explained by too hard work. Mere work often produces no fatigue, but interest and a feeling of satisfaction. Dr. Laird decided that the chief troubles are likely to be some improper thing about the job or working condi-



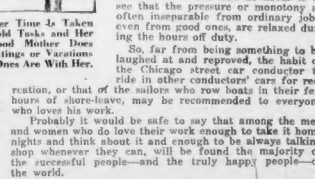
And if a person already has an interesting occupation or can make his occupation become so, that person need not worry about a change of occupation in his spare time or during his vacation. All that he needs is



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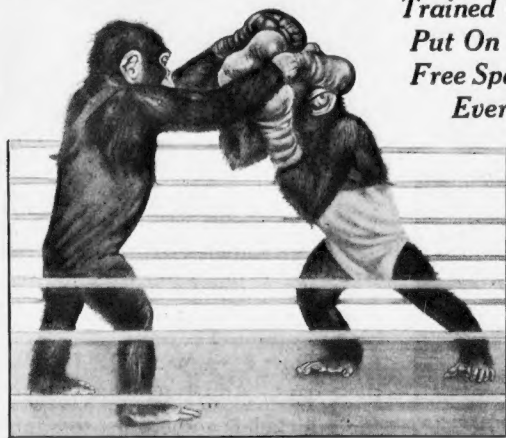


Great Britain High/Low Research



Remarkable Boxing Apes

How Billy and Sammy, Highly Intelligent and Carefully Trained Chimpanzees, Put On an Amusing Free Sparring Match Every Day at the St. Louis Zoo



2—At the Sound of the Gong, Sammy Circles About and Tries to Rush His Antagonist, Which Results in a Clinch.

LADIES and Gentlemen: In this corner we have Battling Billy Bush, the champion of Africa. And in this corner we have Sockem Sammy Green, the challenger. The bout is for four rounds and will decide the furweight championship of the world!

It is Cass Ferguson speaking—attendant in the \$250,000 monkey pavilion of the St. Louis, Mo., public zoo.

The crowd roars. The two contestants shuffle to the center of the ring to get their instructions before starting to fight. They return to their corners. The gong sounds and they leap into the center of the ring. Billy Bush unleashes a round-house right that misses by two feet.

"Climb him, Sammy!" yells an enthusiastic fan.

"Twist his neck, Billy!" urges a rooster with different views.

The exhortations seem odd, but they are not inappropriate, because the two battlers are chimpanzees, thought to be the only boxing monkeys in the world. The scene is a familiar one at the St. Louis Zoo, as Sammy and Billy stage a morning and afternoon exhibition every day and box three times for the Sunday crowds.

A special stage has been erected for the two headliners in the primate house at the Zoo. The two chimpanzees, each weighing in the neighborhood of 22 pounds, wear regulation padded boxing gloves and fight in a miniature ring which is a facsimile of the "squared circle" in all boxing arenas except that a couple extra strands of ropes are added.

The gong sounds to end the first round. Sammy and Billy untangle and scamper to their respective stools, and each picks up a small bottle of water and drinks from it eagerly. Ferguson has tirelessly taught the two chimpanzees their clever act, and he acts as second for Billy while James Schmidt, another Zoo attendant, has the two-fold duty of acting as Sammy's second and as the referee.

The second round is a repetition of the first. But in the third round Billy connects and down goes Sammy. "One, two, three, four, five," counts Referee Schmidt, and in a flash up hops Sammy, but it's plain to see the end is near. Sure enough, in the fourth round Sammy goes down and stays down for the full count of ten. He doesn't seem to be much the worse for the battle, however, as with the final count of ten he is up and about the ring and tumbling all over Billy as the two are led away and the crowd of Zoo sightseers, which never fails to gather for this headline attraction, roars its delight. The conclusion and Billy's victory are not unexpected to those who have seen the performance more than once, because Sockem Sammy has yet to win a decision.

Director George Vierheller explained that Ferguson has a secret signal for which Sammy is watching. When this signal is given, down he goes. Another signal brings him to his feet. The two chimpanzees get so interested in their frequent bouts, that Vierheller declared, that often it is a hard job for Referee Schmidt to part them.



4—Seeing the Upraised Arm of His Antagonist and Knowing What Is Coming, Sammy Tries to Protect His Head by Throwing His Left Arm Over It. He Lets Out a Small Howl in Advance of the Blow Which He Knows Is Coming.

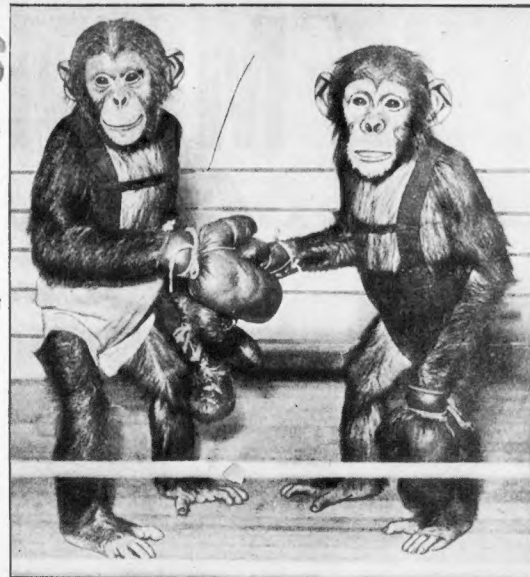
Once Sammy upset the dope by forgetting his part and knocking Billy clear out of the ring. There seems to be no doubt that the young apes enjoy their boxing bouts and seem to have a rather intelligent idea of what they are doing. They enter into the competitions with great enthusiasm and sometimes fight with considerable ferocity. They seem to smile as they jab and block, unless one of them gets a pretty lively wallop. Then he is likely to show some anger and strike out right and left with all his might. Two or three successive thumps on a spot already sore sometimes stir the contestant to use his teeth, although they have been taught that this is against the rules.

Some funny and unexpected things now and then happen. Occasionally they are so eager to get going that while the two are "receiving their instructions" in the middle of the ring before the match begins, one will haul off and hand the other a lively clip beside the ear.

Although Sammy has been trained, as already explained, to take a knock-out, yet, after dropping to the ground and staying there for the regulation count of ten, Sammy occasionally hops up and attempts to "get back" in an informal mix-up with his antagonist. That the sparring is carried on to the best of their strength and ability is asserted by Mr. Vierheller, who declares that they sometimes become quite sore and inflamed from pounding each other with the leather gloves. When this happens the program is changed—the boxing exhibition is suspended and a wrestling match is put on, which is almost as amusing.

Another curious fact is that the two boxers seem to react like human pugilists and are pepped up by the cheers and shouts of the crowd.

The two monkeys are each about three years old. As they were both born in the Sierra Leone region on the West Coast of Africa, out of sight of human beings, it is impossible to learn their exact birthdays. Mr. Vier-



1—The Young Chimpanzees Step Forward to the Center of the Ring, Shake Hands, Bow to the Audience, and Return to Their Corners to Await the Gong.



3—Holding Sammy by the Ear, Billy Raises His Long Right Arm for a Tremendous Sock on Sammy's Head.

heller explained that nearly all chimpanzees come from the Sierra Leone region.

Sammy, who has been at the St. Louis Zoo for a year and a half, preceded his sparring partner, Billy, there about ten months. Director Vierheller bought Sammy from J. L. Buck, a New York animal collector.

Billy Bush is the gift to the Zoo of August Busch, the St. Louis brewer. Hence Billy's name. Sammy is not named after anybody, but was simply given a last name in order to have the same advantage as Billy. Mr. Busch furnished the money to buy Billy, and he was selected from a large group of chimpanzees belonging to Ellis Joseph, the New York animal collector, by Mr. Vierheller.

Director Vierheller explained that the habits of the two star performers were studied carefully before they were bought. He said, during both trips to New York to make the chimpanzee purchases, that he observed a group of chimpanzees closely for nearly a week before choosing the one he wanted. Upright posture, good nature, rugged physique—these were the standards by which he was guided in selecting his two animal stars.

Although Billy and Sammy weigh in the neighborhood of 22 pounds and fight for the "furweight" championship, chimpanzees often grow to weigh from 175 to 200 pounds, the size of light-heavyweight and heavyweight boxers. The gorilla, of course, reaches enormous proportions, some of them weighing 400 pounds. One of these strong

brutes would make two of Jack Dempsey, and the former champion would not last very long in a pitched battle with such a powerful opponent.

Billy and Sammy have one innovation in their daily bout which might seem odd to boxing fans. They not only shake hands before and after the fight, but kiss each other. They fight one-minute rounds and the rest periods are approximately one minute in length.

Although their boxing act is the crowning achievement of the two chimpanzees, they do all of the things that trained apes are supposed to do. They eat at a small table, ring a table bell wildly for the waiter, smoke a pipe, eat with a knife and fork, write their orders with pencil on paper, play the snare drum, and go through a military drill and a shooting scene in which poor Sammy is again the victim, being shot by Billy and falling down dead. Incidentally, the same signal is used to make Sammy drop after being "shot" as the one which acts as his cue for a knock-out.

The two chimpanzees, like some human pugilists, delight in wearing gaudy clothes, and they take particular pleasure in pulling off each other's pants. The sight of the boxing monkeys seems never to lose its appeal to the Zoo crowds. Most anybody has seen a boxing kangaroo, but two boxing monkeys—these are animals of another fur!

Billy replaced Old Mike, another chimpanzee, as a Zoo favorite and as an actor on the Zoo stage. Mike never got over being shunted into the background for Billy. Several months after he was retired he died. The Zoo veterinarian said it was of dysentery, but many believe a "broken heart" or, rather, bruised pride, was the real cause.

The expression "more fun than a box of monkeys" has been changed in St. Louis to "more fun than boxing monkeys," which is quite a bit of fun, judging from the gleeful manner in which Battling Billy Bush and Sockem Sammy Green sail into each other in their monkey-house bouts.

5—At the End of the Fourth Round Sammy Is "Knocked Out" and Lies Quietly on the Floor Until the Keeper Has Finished the Count of Ten. Meanwhile Billy Holds Up His Long Right Arm and Demands the Decision From the Referee.



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the first blended roll-your-own tobacco



The World's Biggest nickel's worth

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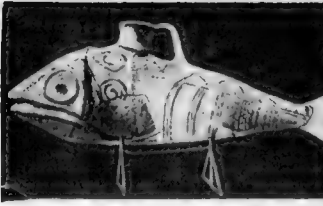
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THE ONLY GRANULATED TOBACCO WITH 2 BOOKS OF GUMMED PAPERS FREE!

GOLDEN GRAIN

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A Rhyton, or Drinking-Vase in the Form of a Fish, Painted Red

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PARIS, April 7.

FRENCH Government archeologists, working in Syria on the Mediterranean Sea, have discovered relics of an ancient civilization hitherto little known to science and rivaling that of Egypt, Babylonia and the greatest countries of early history.

Syria, a country occupying the coast north of Palestine, was indeed well known as a land of great antiquity, and was of some importance in Bible times, but it was supposed to have been a minor power compared with Egypt, Babylonia and Assyria. Now it appears to have been of the first importance. It was a pioneer in the arts, and the earliest dictionary, inscribed on baked bricks, has been found there.

Perhaps the most interesting of the discoveries just made is the tomb of a great Princess of about 1500 B. C.—more than 3,000 years ago—with jars for her rouge and other cosmetics, jewels and various articles of adornment. In this Princess we have a personality worthy to rank with Queen Titi and Queen Nefertiti of Egypt, and Queen Shub-Ad of Ur, and other women of very early history, whose private lives have recently been more or less revealed.

It is particularly significant that the newly found Princess lived in the country from which Queen Semiramis, the first woman ruler, is supposed to have come. Semiramis was long believed, on the authority of Herodotus and other Greek writers, to have been Queen of Babylon, but recently tablets have been found showing that she was worshiped as a goddess in Syria long before the supposed date of her rule in Babylon.

History and legend say that Semiramis was a woman of wonderful beauty and intelligence, who built the city of Babylon, with its hanging gardens and other public improvements, conquered Egypt and Ethiopia, and organized a campaign against India. Almost everything marvellous in the Orient was ascribed by the Greeks to this remarkable Queen.

In winning her victories, Semiramis made a combined use of her brains and her beauty. When she was driven into a dangerous position, in spite of her skill, she used her beauty to get herself out. One legend relates that she was defeated and besieged in a city by a savage tribe. All her civilized followers ran away, leaving her to face the enemy almost single-handed.

The savages rushed to the steps of her palace with the intention of putting her to a shocking death. With fearless and graceful step, Semiramis advanced to meet them wearing only a light robe. In her right hand she carried a little object representing the tree of the knowledge of good and evil. As they saw her they raised their spears to slay her. Instantly she threw aside her robe, and the savages, spellbound by her queenly beauty, lowered their spears and fell down on their knees in adoration. After that they became her devoted followers.

The Princess whose tomb has just been found in Syria lived in the land of Semiramis, and may have been her descendant. The excavations in Syria are under the direction of Professor F. A. C. Schaeffer, chief of the mission, and curator of the Prehistoric Museum at Strasbourg when at home. The scientists began their work at a place now called Ras Shamra, a little seaport where there must have been a great city in ancient Syrian times. Near to this, at a place called Minet-el-Beida was the royal necropolis, or cemetery. In the northern part of the cemetery the searchers discovered a long series of subterranean chambers and a curious enclosure of fine hewn stone, flanked by large stone vats in the form of a funnel, not pierced through, and many holy water vessels. It was here that they became aware they were near the tomb of a great Princess.

They were astonished by the number of objects belonging to her which they found after only a brief examination, and the evidence of the luxury in which she lived. A thousand vases used by her for her personal adornment had been deposited in front of and inside this enclosure. They took out 200 vases still undamaged, and the same number only slightly damaged. They included graceful little bottles of painted terra-cotta with very thin necks, which, it has been decided, were made to hold perfumes. There were cups with a high stem, and a few Cretan urns ornamented with graceful spirals. The art of nearly every country of the civilized world was represented among the Princess's belongings. With the vases were found mingled the bones of more than 100 sacrificed sheep.

The most precious objects were found right

Luxurious Life of a Syrian

Fascinating Discoveries in the Ruins of Old Ras Shamra—Her Jewels, Cosmetic Jars, Alabaster



Showing the Shape and Size of the Wine Jars, Some of Which May Have Originally Held Oil. The Daughter of Professor Schaeffer, Archeologist in Charge, is Shown to Indicate the Size of the Jars.

Copyright Photographs by Professor F. A. C. Schaeffer, Chief of French Archeological Mission to Ras Shamra.



The Goddess of Love on Gold Pendants, Which Were a Part of the Jewelry of Her Royal Highness.

at the bottom of the deposit, where, thanks to their deep interment, they had escaped the treasure hunters, who had broken in three centuries ago, and had tried their luck pretty well every where in the cemetery, which was no doubt celebrated for its buried wealth. A large jar, crushed in ancient times, owing to the pressure of the earth above it, was filled with twenty elegant bottles and alabaster vases imported from Egypt, all of different forms, and with seven ivory vases made to hold cosmetics for the skin. Some of these were of circular form, with movable engraved lids, and others were made like a duck, with head turned back, the carved wings of which pivoted around a knob forming a lid. The objects were remarkable for artistic delicacy and fine workmanship, proving that this community had reached a high degree of civilization over 3,500 years ago.

The whole collection forms part of the toilet outfit of a distinguished lady of 1500 B. C. The surprising quantity of perfumes used by the Princess agrees with statements in the Bible, showing that Syria produced large quantities of these sweet-smelling substances. It appears probable that there were many perfumes produced in Syria which are unknown today, and would be welcomed with delight by luxurious modern women.

The searchers also found a great quantity of jewelry, giving evidence that the Princess dressed with great magnificence and must have rivalled Cleopatra and the most famous Oriental queens of ancient times in her jewelry. Among these objects were several necklaces formed of beautiful Egyptian multicolored pearls. Other jewels were amethysts, carnelians and sapphires.

The most striking and beautiful objects were several repousse gold pendants, representing a nude goddess carved with great skill and delicacy. Doubtless this was Astarte, the Asiatic Venus, goddess of love and beauty, who was identified in Syria with Semiramis.

On some of the jewels the goddess was shown in her simplest conventionalized form. On others the artist represented her standing on a lion and holding bird gods by her hands, or surrounded by serpents, which seemed to spring from her hips. She represented the free, untamed woman. From the great mass of objects picked up it will be possible for experts to reconstruct the life of the Princess to a considerable extent. As she possessed a thousand jars of cosmetics, she must have been made up with extraordinary care for the various social functions of the day. She did not necessarily use all the thousand jars, for the



Interesting Gourd-Shaped Vessel Provided With a Foot Which Facilitated Descending Its Contents.

Graceful Perfume Vases Which Were a Part of the Toilet Outfit of the Royal Princess.



The Legend of Queen Semiramis, Who Changed the Adoration by Revealing Her Matchless Beauty. Syria Was in the Country Where Semiramis

stern at a certain depth thickly packed with objects called votive, placed there in honor of the dead. They gave a picture of the life of these ancient people.

In most cases they were vases, some of local manufacture and others imported from Crete, and beautifully painted. Among them were a great number of "rhytons," used in pouring out ceremonial libations of wine. Whenever a Syrian took any important step in life he poured out a libation of wine to his favorite god or goddess, for Syria had many of them. Some of the rhytons were very cleverly painted and shaped like an octopus. Others had a bull's head on the handle, surmounted by a dove; allusions to the Asiatic Jupiter and Venus. One attractive rhyton was in the form of a fish painted red.

There were also ingenious funnels made to fill wine jars, splendid Mycenaean painted urns and artistic cups from Rhodes.

There were many weapons and tools, revealing how these people fought and built their houses and did their work. Weapons and tools were all of bronze, because iron at that time was used only for jewelry, being a precious metal on account of its rarity. A well tempered bronze knife could be depended on to slip between a man's ribs as well as a piece of iron.

Some of the jewelry was superb. One of the most beautiful pieces was a heavy Mycenaean silver ring engraved with a sphinx or winged celestial being. This was the period of the Mycenaean civilization in Crete and other places. Minet-el-Beida was at the time a port carrying on trade between Crete and the interior of Asia. There were numerous cylinders of hematite, a beautiful iron ore, very artistically engraved with varied scenes. On some of them gods and kings were shooting lions and other wild animals. Others were ornamented with fantastic animals at play. The decorations on some of these seals were in the artistic style of Egypt, Mesopotamia, Cyprus, Crete and Anatolia, while in some cases they were a combination of all these styles.

Some of these deposits were concealed in small chambers walled in with concrete. Others were placed around sanctuaries in which an altar was still standing. This cemetery was, therefore, the centre of a religion, where ceremonies and sacrifices were performed in honor of the dead and of the local gods and goddesses.

Hundreds of wine-jars in the cemetery proved that the ancient Syrians enjoyed wine abundantly in life and hoped to have it in the next world.

families of those times often made a special display at a burial, but it is probable that the princess used a great number of perfumes and ointments. Fine cosmetics were hereditary in certain great families. The Princess was apparently massaged with unguents and perfumed several times a day. To the common people she would have appeared divine, and it is not surprising that she could tame a savage horde.

The abundance of her jewelry proves that she dressed splendidly. At present we do not know how her costumes were designed or of what material they were made. A suggestion of their style may be gathered from some fantastic figural of women found in the cemetery. Some of these women have dresses with curious up and down stripes, and turbans on their heads. But these styles are Cretan.

The innermost sanctuary containing the Princess's body has not been reached, for it is protected by elaborate approaches, as in the case of Pharaoh Tut-ankh-Amen and others. There, probably more interesting discoveries will be made and, possibly, fragments of her dresses will be found.

The royal tombs at Minet-el-Beida have an approach passage called a dromos and a staircase after that, which leads to an arched underground chamber of fine architecture.

The archeologists found the soil of the cem-

Princess 3500 Years Ago

of Her Ancient Royal Tomb
Adornments, Rouge and
Vases and 80 Wine Jugs



A Figure of a Sacred Cow or Bull, Closely Modeled in Bronze.

Most interesting of all the findings was an ivory casket, the lid of which was remarkably preserved and bore a splendidly carved seated goddess, with nude bust, wearing a full skirt with a bustle, standing between two goats on their hind legs. The goddess belongs to the same type as the Cretan and Mycenaean fertility goddesses of Knossos and Tiryns of 3,400 years ago. She may have represented Semiramis.

In the neighborhood of this great royal cemetery it was conjectured there must be a royal palace. At a nearby point on the seashore, they sighted a mound about sixty feet high and 5,000 feet long. This proved to contain the ruins of the royal palace.

As soon as the surface layers were removed substantial foundations of fine stone appeared. Here they found a granite statue of a Pharaoh and stelae, or upright monuments, covered with hieroglyphs of the Egyptian New Empire. One of them was dedicated to the god Seth of Sappuna, a divinity highly revered in this locality, perhaps because he was the patron of the copper trade.

Sappuna must have been the ancient name of Ras Shamra. The Egyptian inscriptions enabled them to fix the date of the palace as about 2000 B. C. Next they discovered an entire library of terra-cotta tablets covered with cuneiform texts. They were as interesting as the famous Tell el Amarna letters that showed how Pharaoh conducted his diplomacy. The Ras Shamra letters revealed the existence of three important hitherto unknown cities in Syria.

But the most interesting discovery among the tablets was one of them written in a new script hitherto unknown. This consisted of twenty-eight letters, and was alphabetic. It was the first alphabet yet recovered. More important specimens of this alphabet were to be found elsewhere. In addition, there were in the palace ruins seventy-four bronze weapons and tools—swords, daggers, lance, axes, spears, sickles, arrows and a graceful tripod with pendants like amaranth leaves.

As the expedition continued the excavation of the great mound, they made discoveries of more and more interest. They found a great temple and a college and library. In the library were documents which made possible the reading of the alphabet already mentioned.

They began to uncover walls of great thickness, which proved eventually to be the temple; consisting of two courts placed side by side on a raised level. The northern court contained many statues, found in fragments at the foot of the altar, representing divinities in the beautiful Egyptian style of the time of Ramses the Great. Here lay a tablet inscribed in honor of the god Baal of Sappuna, by a certain "Mami, royal scribe and overseer of the treasury."

Outside the sanctuary were chambers reserved for local gods, of whom two images were found. One represented a curious god wearing a headdress like the Egyptian crown, with ostrich feathers, at the base of which protrudes a large horn. The god holds in one hand a long spear and in the other the Egyptian scepter called a "flail." He is dressed in short breeches and in the girdle around his waist he carries a large dagger. His feet are shod in sandals, with the points turned back after the Hittite fashion. Altogether this was quite a composite god, like many other things in Ras Shamra.

Before this temple was built the site had been a burial ground of a much older period. Some of the dead had been buried in a crouching position. Others had been stripped of flesh and buried in pieces. The trunk, from shoulders to pelvis, had been placed in a vase, while the legs and skull were interred beside it. The builders of the new temple had been obliged to disturb some of the dead, but they had buried them very respectfully and protected them with stones and fragments of vases.

It was south of the temple that the combined library and college of scribes were found. The priests of the temple no doubt served as professors. In the college young students industriously learned many languages and how to write them on baked bricks, in order to fit themselves for a successful career in the busy commerce of Ras Shamra, or Sappuna.

The college was a pleasant place, constructed



Items Making Up the Complete Toilet Service of the Royal Princess.
—Copyright Photographs by Professor F. A. C. Schaeffer, Chief of French Archaeological Mission to Ras Shamra.



Ivory Jars Containing Toilet Paint and Cosmetics of the Royal Princess.
had introduced new features.

Three feet away was a statuette of a seated god of Egyptian style, the eyes encrusted in enamel and silver. Close by was a still more remarkable find, an upright statue of a god wearing a tall cap plated in gold, resembling the "pschent" of the Pharaohs.

This was decided to be the Phoenician god Reshef. Beside him was a gold pendant showing in relief Ashtar, the goddess of love and beauty, upright and holding a lotus in each hand. In the soil nearby were many beads of a beautiful necklace, consisting of polished olives

in carnelian, cylinders in pink quartz, and pears in cat's-eye stone.

Sixty feet south of these treasures was a large, square subterranean chamber with enormous flagstones carefully matched. This had evidently been designed as the tomb of an important person, but financial depression or some other serious trouble had befallen him, for it was unfinished and never completed.

On the western side of the cemetery was a series of very curious structures in the form of wells, the opening of which was vaulted and shaped like a hive, and covered with a large pierced flagstone. These structures seem to have been connected with a large building, of which only the flagstones and foundations remain today. Beneath the flagstones was a stairway leading to a new tomb. The stairway contained numerous painted vases, lamps with wicks, which had been left burning, for their smoke had blackened the adjacent wall, and a marvellous two-handed vase in Egyptian alabaster, quite unbroken. In front of the tomb was the skull of a young person, probably a servant killed there to accompany his master's spirit.

The tomb proper had been violated at a very distant period. In spite of the cruelty exercised upon robbers and other offenders against authority, grave-robbing was a common practice in ancient Oriental countries. It has been reasoned that the priests who officiated at the ceremonies sometimes committed the robberies, as they had unusual advantages and exact information. "In this case the robbers had stripped the skeletons of their ornaments in precious metals, and had thrown the bones in a corner.

There were at least four corpses in this tomb. The decorations must have been extraordinarily rich, for the vestiges left by the robbers were considerable. There were beads in gold and hard stones, many painted vases of terra cotta, goblets in glass paste and Egyptian jugs in alabaster. The thieves had even left a gold ring.



Two Cosmetic Jars, One of Which Is Decorated With an Octopus Design.

which were much older.

The conclusion drawn was that Ras Shamra and Minet-el-Beida were ancient ports which had adopted features from various important centers of civilization.

Copper was produced in large quantities by the Cyprus mines and shipped through Syria to countries further on. Copper was the chief article used in making weapons (iron being then used for ornaments), and was, of course, very essential to every country. As the archaeologists delved into the soil they found large quantities of copper weapons and utensils.

The tombs furnished a vast amount of information about the ancient Syrian people. The first discoveries that led to the royal cemetery consisted of eighty tombs near the shore at Minet-el-Beida. Around them were vases of local style and of Cyprian and Mycenaean make. Here were stone weights corresponding to those of Egypt, enormous stone tablets and round slabs shaped like millstones.

About the middle of this ground, at the foot of a little wall, was a valuable deposit of statues and jewels of great artistic and historical value. The first object that led to the finding of this deposit was a beautiful bronze figure of a hawk, with the double crown of Upper and Lower Egypt. Quite near this hawk another was found, smaller but encrusted with gold, a delightful little gem of ancient goldsmith's art, Egyptian in inspiration, but executed by a local artist who



Exquisite Painted Pottery Vase Found in the Ruins of the Royal Tomb.



Angry Revolt Against Her to Loyal the Tomb Recently Explored in the Worshipped as a Goddess.

It is reasoned that the presence of wine-jars around tombs was a symbol of good cheer in the life to come, and did not indicate a belief that they could actually carry wine with them from this world to the next.

In the northern part of the cemetery was found a great table, where wine was poured out and drunk in honor of the gods and in memory of the dead. It was supplied with an elaborate system of channels and ritual wells to take care of the overflow.

Around the altar were small chambers, one of which contained eighty large wine-jars arranged in rows as in a wine cellar. They are supposed to have been the contents of a great royal wine cellar buried with its owner. Each jar held about two gallons. This was a selfish proceeding of the deceased king, but the rich and powerful did about as they pleased in those days.

Many objects of gold were found by the archaeologists at Ras Shamra and Minet-el-Beida. Great quantities must have been carried away by the various treasure-hunters and grave-robbers who have delved into the soil in past centuries, but enough remains to amount to a considerable fortune. On beginning their researches the scientists learned that in 1928 one of the local natives called Alasouites lifted a large flagstone, which he found covered the entrance to a subterranean passage leading to a vaulted chamber of impressive architecture. Here he found several objects of gold, which he sold. They have disappeared, and it is not at present known just what became of them. The archaeologists turned their attention to this vault, but found only some terra cotta vases, which had been left by the natives as worthless.

Examination by experts showed that the vases were in the style which prevailed at Mycenaean and in Cyprus about 1500 B. C. But the plan of the structure reminded them of the Royal Tombs at Knossos, in Crete, associated with the Minotaur,

14

5



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MARTHY

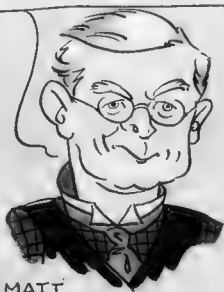


"AND THERE'S NOTHING LIKE POST TOASTIES FOR LUNCH THESE SPRING DAYS. IT'S REAL COOL 'N REFRESHIN' AFTER A BUSY MORNING."

BESSIE STEVENS



"FOLKS, POST TOASTIES ARE A-COMING NOW IN A NEW BOX THAT YOU'RE GOING TO LIKE BETTER 'N EVER. IT'S GOT A NEW FANGLED INSIDE WRAPPER THAT KEEPS THOSE FLAKES SWEETER, CRISPER, FRESHER. SO BE SURE YOU ASK FOR POST TOASTIES—NOT JUST CORN FLAKES."



MATT THOMPKINS

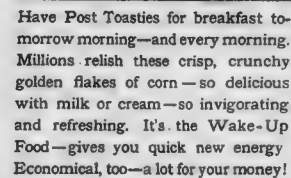
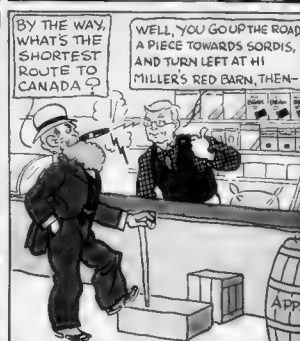
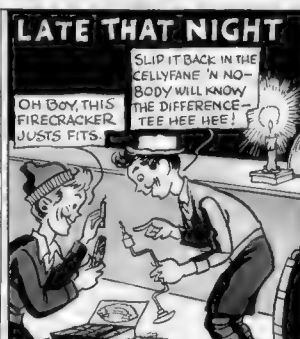
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All your faded dresses—
"washed-out" lingerie—drab
draperies and other household
fabrics... let the magic touch of
Tintex transform them into lovely
new color!

It's so easy to restore all
their original color-charm or to
give them new and different color,
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Go to the nearest drug store
or notion counter today—ask to
see the 35 smart colors and the
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The rest is a mere matter
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TRAINER: Before me, a sprinter who
ever kept you awake if you've Sloan's
ATHLETE: Boy, it certainly made that
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Never neglect a bruised ankle or
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There is beauty hidden in every woman's
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true beauty. It cleanses all skin defects
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Powdered Saxolite
Reduces wrinkles and other age signs.
Simply dissolve one ounce Powdered
Saxolite in one-half pint which has
been used daily as an astringent.

(Continued from Page 18)

the hill, his whole person was visible
for a minute or two. Climbing
ever upward he finally passed
them out of the doctor's range of
vision.

Twenty minutes later Dr. Burke
heard him coming down the
path.

"I've found his trail," he said
cheerfully. "It cuts through the
bushes and up the hillside for
several hundred feet, and then
comes out on the path again."
"Flat-foot or Riding-Boots?"
asked the doctor with interest.

"Oh, Riding-Boots. Flat-foot
doesn't go beyond this little cranny
here."

Seems to me that lets out
Charlie or Pete," said Dr. Burke
after a moment's consideration
of the news. "With the one coming
up the trail and the other
coming down it, they'd have had
no need to crawl through the
bush."

Ginger leaned against a rock,
tossed a large red handkerchief
and mopped his sweating face.
"I hope you're right," he said
dubiously, "but I'm not at all
sure of it. Take Pete, for instance—
he's been here for two hours
before he showed up beside
Atkinson's body. What's to
prevent his having hidden behind
this rock, killed Atkinson, and
then wherever he'd left his horse
standing and then ridden back
down again?"

"Just one thing, Ginger," as-
serted the doctor with interest.
"And that's the kind of man Pete

Black is. He's white, I tell you.
All through life, if Atkinson had
been shot from behind, why, I
might think it possible he did it.
Though not likely. But strangled?
... and from behind? Not Pete."
"You do believe Charlie did it,
then?"

"I don't believe anything. He's
more likely than Pete Black that
all. But I don't see why the
murderer has to concern
us now. What's to prevent At-
kinson having been followed
up here by someone who knew
about his discovery and wanted to
know more. Some stranger. That
seems simpler and far more likely
to me."

"Yes, Simpler, yes. Pleasant-
est way out. I'd hate to think any
of the boys around here would
kill a fellow the way Atkinson
was killed." The sheriff spat con-
temptuously over the cliff. "Mur-
dered from behind, brer! But
likelier! That's a horse of an-
other color. Whoever waited for
Atkinson here knew the trail;
knew just the one place where he
could stay hidden until his victim
passed him. It isn't a spot the
casual eye would pick out. I'm
inclined to believe the man who
did there had been over the trail
many times before."

"That narrows the choice, con-
siderably. This trail ends at the
Bar W."

"Yep. Though some Manato
people use it."

"Not many. You and I do. But
most people take Baker's
Pass."

"You and I?" repeated Ginger
thoughtfully. "You didn't kill
Atkinson, did you, Ja?"

The doctor snarled then gave
a short laugh. "Not that I re-

call just this minute. But my
memory's falling a bit as I grow
older. Did you?"
"No. So that narrows our
choice. There's Charlie and Pete,
both plausible suspects because
they were so handy to the killing.
Who else? Herfin told me there
were millions at stake. Millions!
There are a good many men who
would do a little murder for even
one million."

The doctor fell into his friend's
mood, deeming it fustian.
"There's Gil," he suggested. "He
mentioned this morning that he
was short of money."

"And he was on the hillside
yesterday morning," added Gin-
ger.

"I was joking," said Dr. Burke
curtly.

"I wasn't. Let's see now, who
else is there? Shorty went down
Baker's Pass but there isn't any
evidence as to when he reached
Manato. I suppose most of the
other boys have alibis. They
usually work in pairs. I'll have
to check 'em up, of course."

Dr. Burke was disgusted and
said:

"You don't seriously think any
of the Bar W boys killed Atkin-
son, do you?"

"We've dug up a
possible motive for Charlie and
a suspicion of one for Pete but
there isn't a glimmer of sense
in supposing the others. How
about Herfin and that Taping
bird? They're twice as likely as
any of the boys."

"Unfortunately, we can't hang
a man just because he is cor-
rect," said Ginger.

"They were both on the train when
Atkinson was killed. Neither do
they know this trail well enough

to have unerringly picked out its
one perfect spot for a murder.
Of course, they might have hired
someone to do it for them."

He picked a fresh blade of
grass and commenced chewing it.

"Inquest tomorrow?" he asked
with a partial change of subject.
Dr. Burke was cornered.

"I suppose so. Best get it over
with, I figure, and let the poor
fellow be buried. We'll rate a

'murder by person unknown
verdict anyway.'"

To Be Continued Next Sunday.
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"I could not write a better prescription"



says a famous
child specialist of this pure
vegetable preparation—

A mother was consulting an eminent child specialist not
long ago about the little upsets her baby seemed to have
with disturbing regularity.

Mother: "I am so careful about my baby's diet. He gets
his milk, fruit, vegetables and cereal just as you advise.
Everything seems fine for a time, then suddenly he starts
fussing, refuses food—and I know he's in for another upset.
Why is it?"

Doctor: "It's simply Nature's way of asking for a little help.
Very small things cause upsets with a baby. A little too
much of one food, not quite enough of another—it requires
a delicate balance to keep little organs running smoothly."

"In spite of careful feeding, bowels do need regulative help
now and then in carrying off their daily load of waste."

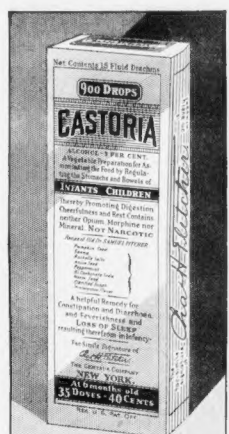
"For babies and children I find Castoria gives just the
prompt, gentle help needed."

Mother: "Is it perfectly harmless? I am afraid of strong
medicines for a baby or young child."

Doctor: "Castoria is perfectly safe. It is a pure vegetable
preparation and contains no harsh drugs, no narcotics. It
works mildly and gently, yet it is always effective. I could
not write a better prescription."

"A safe, sensible thing to do at the first sign of a cold,
fever or digestive upset, is to give your baby a first-aid
cleansing dose of Castoria."

Genuine Castoria always has the name, Chas. H. Fletcher,
on the package. It now comes in two sizes. The new family
size contains about 2½ times the amount in the regular size.



Chas. H. Fletcher.
CASTORIA
CHILDREN CRY FOR IT



She never omits her DAILY BATH—

—Yet she wears underthings a second day

FRESH AS A ROSE, she steps from
her tub and then—too often she
puts on lingerie stale with yester-
day's perspiration!

And, of course, she perspires
again today. Evervbody does,
and a little. All too soon other
people get that penetrating hint.

Don't risk offending in this
way! Lux takes away acids and
odors completely—yet so gently
that it cannot harm the finest
fabric or the daintiest color. Lux
underthings and stockings after
every wearing. This dainty habit
takes only 4 minutes or less!

Wash this 4-minute way!
One tablespoon of Lux does one day's undet-
ingths—stockings, too. Squeeze lukewarm
through fabric, rinse twice, shake out.

Avoid ordinary soaps—cakes, powders, chips.
These often contain harmful alkali which weak-
ens threads, fades colors. Lux has no harmful
alkali. Anything safe in water is safe in Lux.



LUX removes perspiration acids and odors—yet Saves Colors

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**STOP the cause of
offensive ODOR
..save your clothes!**



The needless perspiration of the shirt in underarm strains and ruins dresses—causes offensive odor that spoils your charm.

Odorono is a doctor's prescription that harmlessly divers underarm perspiration to areas where it escapes unnoticed. Odorono saves your clothes and prevents repulsive odors.

There are two kinds of Odorono: Odorono Regular is for night use—gives the longest protection of any product, 3 to 7 days. Instant Odorono is for quick use, at any time. It gives 1 to 3 days' protection.

Trade size, 35¢, 60¢, 81¢. Only Odorono has the New Sanitary Sponge Applicator.

ODO•RO•NO



**HOW MILLIONS
STOP PAIN**
One drop gives instant relief—corn soon lifts off



An amazing liquid has been discovered that actually ends all worry over corns. One tiny drop stops pain instantly—and a few more drops make the corn so loose you can lift it off with your fingers. It's FREEZONE—the safe, quick way to get rid of hard and soft corns and calluses. Get a bottle from your druggist and try it.

FREEZONE

Advertisement.



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hold their sweethearts**

MEN STAY in love with the blonde who makes the most of her hair. She does it with Blondex, the powder shampoo that sets light hair aglow with new lustrous beauty—leaves it golden-bright and radiantly gleaming. Blirge back red blood color to stripes; faded light hair—without resorting to chemicals. Blondex bubbles instantly into a frothy, seething foam that rinses out every bit of scalp dirt—stimulates hair roots. Leaves hair soft and silky. Let Blondex make your hair unforgettable alluring. Try it today and see the difference. At all drug and department stores.

Advertisement.

**DANDRUFF
A Sure Way to End It**

There is one sure way that has never failed to remove dandruff at once, and that is to dissolve it, then you destroy it entirely. To do this, just get about four ounces of plain ordinary liquid arvon from any drug store. This is all you will need, and it is night when retiring, use enough of the arvon to wash the scalp and rub it gently with the finger tips. The following morning use it not all of your dandruff will be gone, and two or three more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it, no matter how much dandruff you may have. You will find, too, all itching and itching of the scalp will stop instantly, and your hair will be fluffy, lustrous, glossy, silky and soft, and look a hundred times better.

CAN YOU NAME the largest family in the world? It is the group of people who regularly read The American Weekly magazine—5,500,000 families—nearly twice the number of people that read the next largest magazine.

The Way To Happiness By Maysie Greig

(Continued from Page 14)

ever happened, Lance must never guess it was a part.

Presently she went below to look for him. But the water told her he hadn't returned to the table. She searched the lounge; there was no sign of him. After a while, wondering, she went upstairs again. No light showed under the door of his room. All the same, some intuition made her open it. Then she heard his voice. So different from his ordinary voice she was startled. A peculiar note in it, "Is that you, Jane?"

"I saw you, by the white moonlight, he was lying on the bed. Fully dressed."

"Lance," she called sharply, "is anything the matter?"

"This back of mine again," he muttered, "it's giving me the deuce."

She asked in alarm, "What can I do? Shall I call the doctor?"

"No, do not do that," his voice was sharp. "I'd rather bleed alone tonight, if you don't mind. I'm alone, child—I may be better in the morning."

CHAPTER XXV.

OLIVE DEVORN ARRIVES.

MRS. DEVORN'S knowledge of French was microscopic. But what she lacked in vocabulary she made up for in volume. It was her firm belief that any command shouted loudly enough must in time penetrate.

Ela seemed to spend her whole time from the time they arrived at Le Bourget to the moment they stepped out of the train at Monte Carlo murmuring, "Olive dear, they're not dead, you know."

"Humph," snorted Mrs. Devorn, "if they're not dead, it's certain, at least, it's not." "Perhaps you've forgotten some of your French stories—were ever here last," Ela suggested mildly.

"There's nothing wrong with my French," Mrs. Devorn said with spirit. "It's their intelligence which is at fault!"

Ela suppressed a smile, and went on reading her magazine. Olive, abroad, she felt, wasn't the best possible advertisement for Great Britain. She seemed to become more intensely British every moment she remained in France. Almost you could see Queen Jack sprouting like angel wings from her shoulders.

The French, to Olive Devorn, were as much foreigners in their own land as they would have been in hers. She kept muttering, "It's simply awful being surrounded all the time by these foreigners!"

Ela's feelings were mixed as the train drew near their destination. She had thought much of late about the French. She hadn't thought much about Lance Saunders. She hadn't allowed herself to. Once he had hurt her pride badly. He had hurt more than her pride. If it hadn't been for Ela's excellent sense of humor she might have turned bitter.

Lance had fled from her. Ela didn't mind herself to that. Sometimes, with a very grimace, she thought, "What an egotist I must have seemed to him!" Yet she couldn't hate him. She hadn't been able to at the time. She had so many childhood memories of him. Of his gentleness, his sweetness, his consideration. For years, while she was growing up, Lance had been Ela's big hero. And now that the years had softened the memory of the humiliation the young Mrs. Lance had caused her, she was remembering him again as the boy who had been her brother and childhood sweetheart now.

She thought now—"We'll both be so changed now—"We'll both be so changed now. Nothing can last for fifteen years! She sighed a little as she collected her magazines and got her rug down from the rack.

Janice met them at the station. At the last minute, Lance hadn't felt up to it. He had said, with a very chuckle, "You can't possibly miss Olive. She'll change down the platform, scattering porters and passengers, like a British torpedo in action. When you see a woman who even an ignorant savage would designate as unmistakably English you'll know it's she!"

Janice had laughed. She smiled again now at the memory as her gray eyes lit upon someone unmistakably Olive Devorn. The woman in question wore a brown tweed coat and skirt that appeared to touch her shoulders but nowhere else on her tall, gaunt frame. Her hat was of very strange and no style. The sort you can roll up and cram into the fullest suitcase. Her shoes were flat, booted with long narrow toes that turned in slightly as she walked. As she drew near, Janice overheard her remark to a younger woman with her, "You'd imagine that in a place like this, porters would understand their own language, wouldn't you?"

Janice stepped forward and said, smiling, "Are you Mrs. Devorn? I'm Janice."

Mrs. Devorn stared down at her from under the wrinkled brim of her floppy tweed hat. "Janice? Janice? The name is familiar."

"But, of course, Olive. It must be Lance's little wife. That's so, isn't it, Mrs. Saunders?"

"Yes," murmured Janice. And she wondered who this other woman could be. The pretty girl, in the late thirties, with the soft American accent. But, whoever she was, Janice knew she liked her immediately. Something so genuine and sweet about her. Yet she wasn't too sweet. Not the sickly sweet type anyhow. That definite little twinkle of fun in her deep amber eyes told you that. She wore a fawn light weight traveling suit and a fawn felt hat bound in green. Two shining strands of copper hair escaped from the sides of it.

"I'm Ela Needham," she said, and held out her hand.

The name Ela touched a vague chord in Janice's memory. But just at the moment she couldn't place it.

"Lance's a awfully sorry he wasn't able to get here," she said, and she was up and gone. But, after lunch—

"Well, if none of his age got to foolish things they've got to pay for them," Mrs. Devorn interrupted with a snort.

Ela laughed again. "Olive Devorn, you're impossible!" She smiled straight into Janice's eyes, and actually winked. And Janice, who might have been hurt found that she wasn't hurt. She felt, somehow, that Ela and she were two gay conspirators who understood each other.

Janice felt however much they had minded, their objections wouldn't have carried much weight.

"Aren't you dying for some tea after your journey?" Janice asked Ela. "Perhaps we could have some in the lounge."

Ela said, "I'd adore some tea." A few minutes later they sat down facing each other across a low attractive tea table. The

woman whom Lance should have married and the girl he had.

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Late Afternoon

The delightful thought of a cup of tea---and it should be SALADA for real contentment.

"SALADA" TEA

"Fresh from the Gardens"

Now Wives Take It Easy On Washday

by C.A. Voight



BEHIND HIS BACK

by ALBERT DORNE



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18 other foods "easy as pie" with this PYREX PIE PLATE



Sliced ham Baked hash
Baked pork chops
Baked mutton
Scalloped oysters
Pineapple casserole
Cinnamon bun
Gingerbread
Dutch apple cake
Apricot whip
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Selecting Spices for the Summer Salad Shelf

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

SUMMER and salads are synonymous, and no real cook or hostess will dream of launching her Summer meal campaign without clearing and restocking her spice jars and seasoning cabinet. For flavor is the secret of all salad and cooking success, whether that flavor is

stirred by the simple direction, "Salt and pepper to taste," or by more elaborate dressings and mayonnaises.

No matter how simple the salad, its perfection is brought out only by fresh, quality spices. Indeed, we may say that the more simple the dish, the more necessary that the spices selected are of the best and recent pack.

What is the favorite modern spice? Black pepper, of course, of which the Americans alone consume a total of 15,000,000 pounds. Black and white pepper are from the same plant, *piper nigrum*. The black is the

finely-powdered, dried whole "berry" of the pepper plant, which is a climbing vine grown in the Dutch East Indies. These berries grow in a fashion quite like the fruit of the familiar "peppercorn" of the other cookery books. A plantation of this pepper looks like a field of "pole" lima beans. White pepper is made by grinding the inside of the peppercorn after the removal of its coarser outer husk. It is less pungent but more favorable than black pepper, and is preferable for most salad seasoning.

Red pepper or capsicum, is no relative at all of the pepper-nigrum which yields our familiar condiments, but is, strangely enough, a close relative of the potato plant. When the pod of this hot pepper is ground, it is called cayenne or red pepper. When of a milder variety, the pods are called "chilies," and there are many different "chilies" as names for them. The species include the familiar "bell" or green pepper, whose green patch is so liked by the housewife for use as a stuffed vegetable or sliced in salads. Paprika is the most mild of all the capsicum family, and is valued for its peculiar color as well as for its seasoning. All peppers have a volatile oil which gives them their flavor, and a "hot" principle known as "capsicin," which gives them their name.

Mustard is the ground seed of a humble plant growing the world over. Many are familiar with the patches of bright yellow of the "wild mustard" often considered a pest by farmers. There are varieties which have brown, others which have yellow seeds. The ideal condiment mustard is that which blends color with pungency, but which leaves no after acid or bitter taste. It should have both "tongue heat" or bite, and "nose bite," but flavor must not be sacrificed to "heat" which is the sole quality to be considered in making a mustard plaster and in other medicinal uses. Mustard should always be mixed fresh, as nothing so spoils salad dressing as the opened and coarsened mixed mustard.

Perhaps about no other spice is there such uncertainty as regarding the "all-around" quality of the "wild mustard" often considered a pest by farmers. There are varieties which have brown, others which have yellow seeds. The ideal condiment mustard is that which blends color with pungency, but which leaves no after acid or bitter taste. It should have both "tongue heat" or bite, and "nose bite," but flavor must not be sacrificed to "heat" which is the sole quality to be considered in making a mustard plaster and in other medicinal uses. Mustard should always be mixed fresh, as nothing so spoils salad dressing as the opened and coarsened mixed mustard.

however, a true seed, but a dried flower head. To the housewife, its flavor will impart to potato and other salads some of the charm and odor of fresh celery when the latter is out of its season.

To all these dried spices must be added the fresh or vital herbs known as "herbs." Parsley, chervil, thyme, marjoram, sage, mint, nasturtium, cress and countless others. If the housewife is not so fortunate as to possess even a tiny window herb box, then she will at least buy

the freshest of dried herb leaves for her seasoning.

No time of the year is more fitting than early Spring to make a clean sweep of the Winter spice cabinet. Throw away and replace with the freshest, the quality of each seasoning. Don't spoil good salad plants with old musty dressings! Buy the whole seed, or pod or spice, if you can, and "grind your own"—or if not that, then buy the best. Keep spices dark and airtight, so that they will retain the mystery of their essence and their fragrance.

Appetizing Menus for the Week

By Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast Fruit, Cereal, Eggs, Coffee	Breakfast Orange Juice, Cereal, Eggs, Coffee	Breakfast Bran, Raisins, Coffee	Breakfast Fruit, Cereal, Eggs, Coffee	Breakfast Fruit, Cereal, Eggs, Coffee	Breakfast Fruit, Cereal, Eggs, Coffee	Breakfast Fruit, Cereal, Eggs, Coffee
Lunch Corn Muffins, Coffee	Lunch Baked Beans, Coffee	Lunch Baked Beans, Coffee	Lunch Baked Beans, Coffee	Lunch Baked Beans, Coffee	Lunch Baked Beans, Coffee	Lunch Baked Beans, Coffee
Dinner Steak, Potatoes, Green Beans, Corn, Applesauce	Dinner Steak, Potatoes, Green Beans, Corn, Applesauce	Dinner Steak, Potatoes, Green Beans, Corn, Applesauce	Dinner Steak, Potatoes, Green Beans, Corn, Applesauce	Dinner Steak, Potatoes, Green Beans, Corn, Applesauce	Dinner Steak, Potatoes, Green Beans, Corn, Applesauce	Dinner Steak, Potatoes, Green Beans, Corn, Applesauce

American Weekly Patterns



A CHARMING AFTERNOON OR DINNER DRESS (7510). Designed in 5 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 38 will require 4 1/4 yards of 39-inch material.

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GIRL'S DRESS (7216). Designed in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. To make the dress with bolero in an 8-year size will require 3 1/4 yards of 35-inch material. Without the bolero, 1 1/4 yards of 35-inch material will be required.

required. The bolero alone will require 1/4 yard.

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